

Londons Ordinary: Or, Every man in his Humour. To a Pleasant New Tune.



Through the Royal Exchange as I walked,
where Gallants in Battin did dine:
At midst of the day they parted away
at several places to dine.

The Gentry went to the Kings Head,
the Nobles unto the Crown:
The Knights unto the golden Fleece,
and the Plowman to the Clow.

The Clergy will dine at the Biter,
the Antlers at the three Tuns:
The Wlurers to the Devil will go,
and the Fryers unto the Funs.

The Ladies will dine at the Feathers;
the Globe no Captain will scorn: (low,
The Huntsman will go to the Greyhound he,
and some Townsmen to the Horn.

The Whammer will dine at the Fountain,
the Cooks at the holy Lamb: (noon,
The Drunkards at Noon to the Man in the,
and the Cuckolds to the Rax.

The Moyers will dine at the Lyon;
the Watermen at the old Swan:
The Batwds will to the Negro go,
and the Whizes to the naked Man.

The Keepers will to the white Hart,
the Barriners unto the Ship:
The Beggars they must take their way,
to the Egg Well and the Whip.

The Farriers will to the Hoyle,
the Blacksmith unto the Lock;
The Butchers to the Bull will go,
and the Carmen to Bidewel Dock.

The Fishmongers unto the Dolphin,
the Bakers to the Cheat Loaf:
The Turners unto the Lale will go,
where they may merrily quaff.

The Taylors will dine at the Sheers;
the Shoo-makers will to the Boot;
The Welshmen they will take their way,
and dine at the sign of the Goat.

The Hostlers will dine at the Leg,
the Drapers at the sign of the Bush,
The Fletchers to Robin Hood will go,
and the Spend thift to beggars bush.

The Pewterers to the quart pot,
the Coopers will dine at the Hoop,
The Coblers to the Last will go,
and the Barge-men to the Scoop.

The Carpenters will dine at the Axe,
the Colliers will dine at the Sack:
Your Fruiterer he to the Cherry tree,
good fellows no liquor will lack.

The Goldsmiths to the three Cups,
their money they count as dross:
Your Puritan to the pewter Can,
and your Papists to the Cross.

The Weavers will dine at the Shuttle,
the Globers will unto the Globe:
The Maidens all to the Maiden head,
and true Lovers unto the Dove.

The Sadlers will dine at the Saddle,
the Painters to the green Dragon:
The Dutchman will go to the sign of the Wreath,
where each man may drink his Flagon.

The Chandlers will dine at the Scales,
the Salters at the sign of the bag,
The Porters take pain at the Labour-in-bain,
and the Hoyle-courler to the white pag.

Thus every man in his humour,
from North unto the South;
But he that hath no money in his purse,
may dine at the sign of the mouth.

The Swaggerers will dine at the Fencers;
but those that have lost their wits,
With Bedlam Tom let there be their home,
and the Drum the Drummers best fits.

The Cheater will dine at the Chequer,
the Pick-pocket at a blind Ale-house,
Till taken and tride up Holbourn they ride,
and make their end at the gallows.